

Queen "Weeds"

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(K.J.Garside C.Gray)

There is an anger comes off this girl,
That she can't find an origin,
The things I plant won't grow,
Yet the wild weeds flower in wind and snow.
Nothing to be nothing to prove,
Nowhere to go nothing to lose.
When will my season come,
Was I born of infertile soil,
Is my seed without song,
Can I not see the woods for these forests in my head,
Can I not see the sunlight as I play dead?
Nothing to be nothing to prove,
Nowhere to go nothing to lose.

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